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from England and France, notably
when AUGUST BELMONT gave \$125,000
for the triple crown winner Rock
Sand, which founded a great family,
and whose daughters are priceless as
brood mares, one of them having pro-
duced Man o' War. Turf history,
however, will mark the period be-
tween August, 1920, and February,
1921, as remarkable in the annals of
our horse breeding activities. In
those months, including the Macomber
shipment, thoroughbreds valued
at upward of a million and a quarter
will have been imported. Prince Pal-
atine, which is reported to have cost
\$250,000, is one of the stallions. Ue-
gofol, for which \$150,000 was paid, is
another. Brown Prince cost \$75,000,
and Archale sold at auction for \$76-
000. These superbly bred sires,
mated with the best American mares,
should furnish splendid material for
the racing necessary in the develop-
ment of the highest type of horse.

Self-Denial Day.
This is the day which Governor
MILLER has asked the people of this
State to observe, informally but effi-
ciously, as Self-Denial Day. He
suggests that each person go without
something and contribute the money
saved to feeding the poor children of
Eastern and Central Europe.

This is mighty good weather to re-
mind the fortunate of the unfor-
tunate have to bear. Winter has
stepped up to show us what suffering
can be among those who lack food and
warmth. We would not suggest that
this is good weather for self-denial in
nourishment or clothing; in fact, we
are certain that it is not.

But there are a dozen ways in
which a generous soul can deny him-
self or herself something. Drawing a
check for the good cause is self-denial
of something in the future. And the
check intended for the cold and hun-
gry children of Europe should be sent
to the New York State Committee of
the European Relief Council, 42
Broadway, New York.

Robert E. Lee.
On January 19, 1807, the eyes of
ROBERT EDWARD LEE opened upon a
world in which he was to leave a
name of undying renown.

To one who not only studies the
causes of civilization and its decay
but also seeks to know what is the
salt preservative there comes clear-
ly the perspective that holds the im-
age of such a character in our national
history gives also a promise of the
permanence of American democracy.

This is as surely the case as that the
shadows cast by the sunset point
toward the morning. No greater
proof of the continuance of our na-
tional commonwealth can be given
than this, namely, that ROBERT E. LEE
is to-day thought of, not as a Vir-
ginian or a Confederate, but as an
American.

In the West, which as a civic en-
tity is the offspring of the civil war,
LEE is honored with the great. In
the North his military genius and
achievements are most clearly recog-
nized by the very men, veterans now,
who once met him on the field of
trial. As for European critical opin-
ion, it is unanimous in awarding LEE
a place on the roll of the greatest
soldiers.

Now the wonder is that the fur-
ther we go back in the study of
LEE's life the more the patriot heart
throbs and throbs. One might feel
here of the dailiness at Vera
Cruz in 1847. Its heavy guns from
the ships were the first to breach the
city walls, thus virtually deciding the
campaign. Captain ROBERT E. LEE
not only built this battery—unharm-
ed by the big guns of the Mexicans,
but he was served by the German
Lieutenant HOLZNER—but his builder
sat in it during the bombardment.
Not for him to shirk the risks he
asked others to run!

It was of course glorious in 1913
to see again at Gettysburg the re-
mains of the mighty hosts that fifty
years before had faced each other in
fire and flame, amid iron and death.
They charged again, but this time
with laughter and in brotherhood.
But then a half century had mel-
lowed their souls, while throwing
into oblivion the passions of the past,
and men saw more clearly what, in-
dependent of individuals, had been
the causes of the war.

But what to-day seems even more
one of the splendors of democracy and
an augury of "the Union forever" is
discerned in WALT WHITMAN's verses
"O Captain! My Captain!"
Surely art is eternal. All the world
recognizes WHITMAN as a great poet
of American democracy. Yet remem-
ber that his throbbing numbers were
penned in the fiery days of 1865.
Then the North thought that grief
over LINCOLN's fall was wholly her
own, and hers alone; whereas the
nation and the world will not let LIN-
COLN's name be forgotten. Nay, more,
it is seen that this martyr died not
for a section, nor even for one na-
tion, but for humanity.

Not one word of rancor in WHIT-
MAN's lines! It seems as if LIN-
COLN's own spirit, having left its
earthly tenement, descended for the
hour on WHITMAN while he wrote in
deathless rhythm. Surely it must be
that he who amid the fiery passions
of the moment could echo in both
spirit and form the prayer, "Father,
forgive," uttered on the cross of
agonies, is a poet for all time and that
his lines are deathless.

For those who know the living
power of LINCOLN's name beyond
both oceans and who have sat as
teachers before lands or even of pagan
culture in Asia realize by experience
how hard it is for them to receive
the idea of forgiveness of enemies.
Rather was it taught for ages "Thou
shalt not live under the same heaven
with the murderer of thy father or
thy lord." Yet here sings WHITMAN
in the spirit of the cross and of its
anguish victim! Here in passionate
poetry is a record like that of those
evangelists who narrate the facts but
call no vile names to the men who
put their best friend to death.

Yes, over the grave and name of
ROBERT E. LEE, American, democracy
may take augury of permanence when

men can forgive. With characters
like WASHINGTON, LINCOLN and LEE
the Government "dedicated to the
proposition that all men are created
free and equal" will not perish from
the earth.

At the End of the Rainbow.
A dormant bank account revealed
by the publication of the reports of
the unclaimed money held by a bank
seems to have somewhat the same
lure to a seeker of an easy fortune
as a buried treasure to the location
of which he has a more or less mys-
tifying chart. If the account is in
his own name he is content to waste
little time on its recovery, but if it
is in the name of an ancestor or re-
lative who long ago disappeared or
died intestate there is a chance for
speculation on its value. The ques-
tion becomes the same as in the case
of the buried treasure. Is it worth
digging for?

It was for many years a pleasing
fiction to picture the vaults of the
older savings banks bulging with the
gold and accumulated interest of long
dormant accounts. Sometimes it was
said that from this wealth bank build-
ings were constructed. It was so
interesting a fiction that it died hard.
Not long ago twenty-five persons ap-
peared as heirs of the man in whose
name a New York savings bank car-
ried a dormant account. The de-
positor, who was an old sea captain,
died on an East Indian cruise, and,
having been a secretive, silent old
fellow, his heirs had somehow got the
idea that he had entrusted to the
institution about \$200,000 in money
and bonds. An investigation showed
that the whole amount of his account
was \$25, a dollar apiece for the heirs.

In Missouri recently a suit, in which
102 claimants were named, was insti-
tuted to recover the lapsed account of
a civil war veteran. The amount
claimed was several thousand dollars.
The actual amount disclosed by an
examination of the books was \$10.85.

For fifty years it was believed that
noble victims of the French Revolu-
tion had placed on deposit in the
Bank of England or had stored away
in the bank vaults millions in money,
gold plate and jewels, and that since
the owners and their heirs had died
by the guillotine the Bank of England
was only awaiting the proper time to
make a claim for all this wealth. So
persistent were these reports and so
plausible some of the statements made
regarding their correctness that the
bank a few years ago welcomed an
investigation of the matter. This re-
vealed the fact that the money and
property entrusted to the institution
by the French emigrés were of small
value and that the last deposit had
been turned over to the legal owner or
his heirs before the middle of the last
century.

The number of dormant accounts
in this State, as recently reported by
the State Banking Department, is
about 25,000. There is no estimate
made of the amount, but the bankers
say that the accounts are all small
and the number which reach the old
time savings bank limit of from \$1,000
to \$5,000 is negligible. Instead of
being a profit to the banks they are
more or less a charge, and the prob-
lem of doing away with dormant ac-
counts or of reducing their number
frequently comes up for solution at
the meetings of associations of banks
and savings banks. In 1916 the
amount paid back on dormant claims,
according to the report of the State
Banking Department was \$7,431.39;
in 1913 it was \$76,000, in 1914 \$23,000
and in 1915 only \$12,877. Hardly
worth digging for by a fortune hunter
with a vision of millions or even
thousands.

Of all winter noises the most plain-
tive is one which is now heard in the
suburbs. It is the cry of the efficiency
expert begging his wife to come to the
cellar and show him how to make the
furnace produce heat.

A Chicago thief who had success-
fully outwitted the police in one ex-
amination felt so sure of his safety
he demanded an apology from the de-
tectives. Thereupon the police exam-
ined him again, and this time discov-
ered stolen jewelry he had hidden. The
thief will have ample time in prison to
reflect on the saying, unusually appro-
priate in his case, "Silence is golden,"
for if he had kept quiet he might
have escaped with his golden plunder.

When they get a day like yesterday
in White River Junction or Medicine
Hat the natives confidently announce
that the back of the winter is broken.

Evidently little animosity exists be-
tween the Germans and the Japanese.
There are twice as many German re-
sidents in Japan as there were before
the war, according to the Department
of Commerce.

The British amateur boxers made a
clean sweep of L. Well, what with
BAKER, ballooning and burglars on
soldiers, sailors and police may be
rather wonky.

Economy.
Bluebird's wife discovered her prodig-
ousness.
"He must be a Republican," she cried;
"just look at the heads he has cut off!"

Thrill Week.
This is thrill week, Mistress Moon.
Take no heed of the event;
Cast abroad your shining bonnet,
Fling your aliver madly spent.

Bad Weather Kills Game.
Birds Need Help in Meeting Har-
ships Due to Civilization.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: If the
present game laws with slight modifi-
cations were rigidly enforced a great
stride toward game conservation would
be made. But as great or greater
efforts are possible if another big ele-
ment is not overlooked; reference is
made to the weather.

Continued snow and cold during the
winter months and cold, wet weather
in spring do more damage to bird and
animal life than the gunners. It would
be rather difficult to suggest a combi-
nation of the wet springs—this can be done
to a certain degree—but great relief can
be given during the cold weather when
the ground is covered with snow and all
nature frozen. It is at this time that
birds ought to be fed and sheltered ef-
fectively by the game laws. The direc-
tion of the State. This added to the ef-
forts of the local societies would carry the
birds through the winter and give them
strength to fight the wet weather of
spring. This action is as necessary as
the enforcement of the game laws rela-
tive to killing.

I am writing this from our club pre-
serve in North Carolina, where we have
30,000 acres under lease. We have very
little snow and cold weather down here,
but we have rainy wet springs just to
offset after them we find our supply
of quail greatly diminished. We have
often found fewer birds in the autumn
than we left the preceding spring.

In the old days before the march of
so-called civilization came and left in
its wake denuded hills and dales game
birds in high and dry places in which
to build their nests, hatch and rear their
young. The clearing of those lands
drove them to other parts and they were
and are obliged to nest where they find
shelter, and this is often in a poor lo-
cality for their purpose.

Come refugees intelligently located and
other processes have had their share
in making game scarce. These things
have to be, so man, the cause of it all,
if he cares for the survival of the game
birds, ought to give them all the as-
sistance possible.

The program offered nothing de-
manding discussion. The numbers were
of the C minor quartet of Brahms, opus 61,
No. 1; Joseph Jongen's "Gloria Dramat-
ique," No. 1; and Beethoven's "Symphony
in F major," opus 68, No. 1. In the first movement of the Brahms

Game Fish Swim Up Stream.
From the Onondaga Sportsman.
It's easy to drift on the deep tide down;
It's easy to move as the deep tide goes;
But the answer comes when the breakers
crash
And strike the soul with a bitter lash—
When the ground is endless fast
Through a sunless day and a starless
night.
Where the far call breaks on the sleep-
er's dream
"Only the game fish swims up stream."

The spirit wanes where it knows no
load;
The soul turns soft down the Easy
Road;
There's fun enough in the thrill and
throb,
But life to the main is an uphill job;
And it's better so, where the softer
game
Leaves too much fat on a weakened
frame.
Where the far call breaks on the sleep-
er's dream
"Only the game fish swims up stream."

When the clouds bank in—and the soul
turns blue—
When Fate holds fast, and you can't
break through—
When reason is lost like a tidal wave,
And Hope is a ghost by an open grave,
You have reached the test in a frame of
mind
Where only the quitters fall behind,
Where the far call breaks on the sleep-
er's dream
"Only the game fish swims up stream."

Uncle Sam's Office Hours.
Should They Be Lengthened, as Vice-
President Marshall Thinks?

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: Vice-
President Marshall said in THE NEW
YORK HERALD last Sunday: "Govern-
ment should be open eight instead of
seven hours. Then right at once it
could get along with one-eighth less
clerk."

Why not carry this argument a little
further and advocate nine hours' work
and enable the Government to save so
much more money? But this is a false
economy. The tendency is to reduce the
hours, because it was discovered that
as the hours were reduced men did more
work and did it more efficiently.

Lady Jean Paul's Music in Concert
Songs and Piano Pieces by Poldowski, Daughter of
Wieniawski, on Programme.

Those who have from time to time
seen the name of the composer Poldowski
on programmes had an opportunity
yesterday afternoon to behold her in
person at her concert in the Princess
Theatre. She is the daughter of the dis-
tinguished violinist, Henri Wieniawski,
and in private life is Lady Jean Paul.
Her concert presented to a numerous
audience of friends and admirers some
of her songs and piano pieces.

The singers were Mrs. W. T. Carver,
and Murray Dwyer, the latter singing
the songs which were to have been
sung by Gertrude Elger, the English
vocalist, so tragically carried off a few
days ago by an accident in the Back
Bay railway station, Boston. Mrs.
Poldowski herself played the piano
pieces. The concert was one of an in-
imate nature, assuming something of the
character of a social entertainment.

The compositions heard consisted
frankly of the influence of that modern
French school which took its origin in
the art of Debussy. Mrs. Poldowski
uses the idioms of this school gracefully
and with artistic skill. But it is undeniable
that great originality cannot be reached in following the
manner of Debussy unless by a com-
pensation of originality and creative
power. The audience was undoubtedly
interested and rewarded the composer
and her assistants with liberal ap-
plause.

Florenzay Quartet Concert.
The Florenzay Quartet, like other
chamber music organizations, was its
way to general favor, but now there can
be no question of its prominent place in
the musical life of the city. The quartet
consists of Charles Schuchert, violin,
and two places which he had to repeat, "The
Bird Song," by Faurig, and De
Saver's "Gloria" on the violin. He
brought a "musique."

To Dedicate New Organ.
New Rochelle, N. Y., Jan. 18.—The
new organ of St. John's Methodist
Church is to be formally dedicated to-
day evening by Charles Schuchert, violin,
and two places which he had to repeat, "The
Bird Song," by Faurig, and De
Saver's "Gloria" on the violin. He
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further and advocate nine hours' work
and enable the Government to save so
much more money? But this is a false
economy. The tendency is to reduce the
hours, because it was discovered that
as the hours were reduced men did more
work and did it more efficiently.

And it has been demonstrated that
when men work overtime they invariably
do so much less work the next day.
Our greatest philosopher, Benjamin
Franklin, said that six hours should
constitute a day's work, and we are
gradually coming to that.

THE WEATHER.
For Eastern New York—Fair and not
quite so cold today; to-morrow partly
cloudy and warmer; fresh north shift-
ing to east winds.
For New Jersey—Fair and not quite so
cold today; to-morrow partly cloudy and
warmer; fresh north winds.
For Western New York—Fair and not quite
so cold today; to-morrow partly cloudy
and warmer; fresh north winds.
For Southern New York—Fair and not quite
so cold today; to-morrow partly cloudy
and warmer; fresh north winds.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—Abnormally high
pressure prevails over the Mississippi valley
all the way to the Gulf of Mexico. High
pressure covers the Rocky Mountains and
the Pacific States. The highest pressure is
at Cochrane, Ont., and the lowest, 29.34
at Denver, Colo. A cold front is moving
from the Atlantic States and a general rain
fall is expected in the Atlantic States.
The outlook for generally fair weather
today; to-morrow cloudy and warmer; rain
or snow is possible in the upper lake regions.
For Southern New York—Fair and not quite
so cold today; to-morrow partly cloudy
and warmer; fresh north winds.
For Northern New York—Fair and not quite
so cold today; to-morrow partly cloudy
and warmer; fresh north winds.
For Western New York—Fair and not quite
so cold today; to-morrow partly cloudy
and warmer; fresh north winds.
For Eastern New York—Fair and not quite
so cold today; to-morrow partly cloudy
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